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JOB PRINTING executed with neatness, cheapness and despatch.

COUSIN KATE; OR THE WIDOW'S WOOER.

BY EMMA C. EMBURY.

"Was ever a woman in this humor wooed?
Was ever a woman in this humor won?"

Shakespeare.

"It is vain to attempt to deceiving myself any longer, I am certainly growing old," thought Harry Wilder, as he plucked several grey hairs from his well-trimmed whiskers; "I am in admirable preservation—my teeth are fine—my hair still luxuriant—my eyes undimmed, yet, as Hood says, of that everlasting juvenile, Count D'Orsay: 'Years may fly on the wings of the hawk, but alas! They are marked by the feet of the crow.'"

My cotemporaries have grown old and gray; their children have shot up into men and women, and, when I appear among the young people of the present day, there is always some meddling fool disposed to chronicle, and to trace back some forty or fifty years, fifty years. The ladies are quite too familiar with me;—they don't hesitate to ask favors from me, to pay compliments to me, and to accept my services on all occasions. It is a bad sign—women don't admit young men to such privileges, and I am fast becoming one of the favored tribe of 'old bachelors.' Heighho! I wish I had married ten years ago. There was little Agnes Morton—but not, she has become an arrant shrew, and scolds from morning to night—I am glad I escaped her; the Sophia Danvers—pah! she is as old as my mother now;—pretty Mary Winton why she looks now like a creole fattened on Gumbo soup;—How many such women have I courted and really fancied myself half in love with. After all, I never loved any one half so well as I did sweet cousin Kate; by Jupiter, but she was a lovely creature at seventeen—with her deep, grey eyes, and rose-bud mouth—a being half shade, half sunshine—with the strong feelings of a woman and the joyous fancies of a child. I ought to have married that girl;—what a shame that she should have sacrificed herself to that superannuated General Baynton;—yet he was a fine specimen of the old American gentleman, stately and punctilious in his politeness, but never forgetting the slightest claim upon his attention. I dare say he made an excellent father to his young bride, and cousin Kate must feel doubly orphaned by his death. I wonder if she remembers our early flirtation;—she must now have arrived at that awkward corner in a woman's life, when she is obliged to court thirty. She is almost too old for me, for, as I approach the ugly milestone which bears the unsightly, and speaks too plainly of the downhill road, I seem to affect the youthful of the opposite sex. But will they affect me? That is a question to be considered. Kate must still be handsome—she is rich, too—no trifling consideration, by the way. Baynton left her his whole fortune, and, with her beauty, she will not lack temptations to a second marriage. She must have acquired some skill in nursing during her five years bondage to an old husband, and that is another advantage, for these cursed fits of gout make me feel the want of 'gentle ministrations.'

I have a great mind to pay her a visit.—Her husband has been dead two years, and she is still living in the seclusion of her elegant mansion in —, so that there is as yet little danger of rivals. September is a pleasant month to spend in the country—there is capital shooting in the old general's grounds; by Jove, I'll go, who knows but I may start some game worth hunting.

Such was the reflections of a 'co-dé-vant jeune homme,' a selfish votary of fashion, who having wasted his best years in folly was now suffering from the aching void and weariness of heart, which sooner or later, makes the punishment of all such spend-thrifts.—A fine person, a quick wit, and an eloquent tongue, had been his recommendation when he first entered society! need I add that he was every where successful? But all men have some peculiar talent, and Harry Wilder was no exception to the rule. His gen-

ius lay not in science, nor in the belles letters, nor yet in music or the fine arts, but in an especial faculty for 'flirtation.'

The moment he addressed a lady, there was a softening of his voice, a gentle drooping of his fringed eyelids, a tender earnestness in his language, which was perfectly fascinating to a young and uninitiated girl. Nay, even practised coquettes were found to feel the effect of his fascinations. Other men might be more intellectual, more amiable, more disinterested in their attentions, but none had the winning ways of Harry Wilder.

There was an indescribable softness in his manner, which led each woman to believe that she was the especial object of his secret affections. If I were desirous of teaching men the true secret of attracting the kindly feelings of the young and unbackneyed heart of women, I should express it in one word—'Deference.' I mean not a servile submission to the caprice of a spoiled beauty, but a deference of manner joined to independence of thought and opinion. A sudden change, from the bold careless tone with which a man addresses his own sex, to subdued gentleness of demeanor the moment he accosts a woman—the soft cadence of voice, softened by her presence and for her sake—are the highest compliments which can be paid to the gentle sex, and by refined minds are always appreciated. Those delicate attentions are like the minute touches on a picture, that cannot be defined, yet their effect is immediately perceptible. They seem like a tribute of respect paid to the sex, as to a purer order of beings, and they differ most widely, I am sorry to say, from the manner now generally in vogue among young gentlemen. However, it was the secret of Harry Wilder's success, and he availed himself of his power. Many a young heart might date its first knowledge of disappointment from the hour when the music of Harry Wilder's voice first awakened it to consciousness—many a fair cheek has brightened beneath the impassioned glances of his downcast eye, only to grow pale in solitude over the contemplation of hope deferred; many an unsophisticated mind has learned its first lessons in deception from the sweet words which said so much, and meant so little.

The estate of the deceased General Baynton was situated in the loveliest part of the beautiful valley of the Connecticut. A lawn some ten acres in extent, and studded with every variety of forest trees, surrounded the mansion, while through the many vistas which had been skillfully opened, the graceful windings of the river were visible from every window. The house itself, built of stone in the substantial fashion of a century since, and adorned with a stately portico and colonnade, formed a striking and noble feature in the landscape. No alteration had been made in its since its erection, excepting the substitution of large French casements, in place of the diamond paned sashes which formerly admitted a dubious light; but this change had been so judiciously managed, that all appearance of incongruity was avoided, and the heavy lintels and deep embrasures of the windows rather added to its antiquity. It was a lovely spot and as Harry Wilder rode slowly through the long avenue of suburb elms which led to the abode of his widowed cousin, he did not wonder that she should prefer the seclusion of such a home to the frivolous amusements of a town.

Harry Wilder had no rea on to be dissatisfied with his reception at 'Baynton.' Cousin Kate was kind, cordial and lady like, and although he would have been better pleased if she had been a little less self-possessed, yet his vanity led him to conclude that this was rather the effect of pride than indifference. Indeed it was surprising, how rapidly his mind accumulated evidences of her early attachment to him. 'She certainly was in love with me ten years since,' said he to himself; 'I suspect that pique had more to do with her marriage than any other feeling, unless indeed she was influenced by his enormous wealth. Well, she is a true woman, she has gratified her ambition, and now I will give her a chance to consult the dictates of her affection.' Such had been his reflections while travelling towards Baynton, and by the time he arrived there, he had actually reasoned himself into the belief that he had but to sue and all would be settled to his satisfaction.

Mrs. Baynton was just at that age when beauty had arrived at full maturity. With a figure almost fairy-like in its proportions, a complexion of that rich creamy whiteness, which the flush color would spoil, lips of velvet softness, eyes of the deepest blue, and a profusion of pale, brown hair, she was indeed one of the most beautiful of women. Her neat half-mourning garb, worn without other ornament than a simple jet cross suspended from her snowy neck, seemed to add to the chaste loveliness of her appearance, and Harry Wilder, man of the world as he was, looked almost with wonder upon the delicate, spiritualized beauty of his once merry rosy-cheeked cousin. Placid, cheerful and intelligent, she charmed him by the powers of her conversation, even while she

overawed him by the gentle dignity of her manners. He marveled at his own feelings when he found himself listening day after day, with renewed pleasure, to one who possesses none of the brilliancy and piquancy of character which he had long admired in women.

Weeks passed on, and Harry Wilder was still lingering at Baynton. Fishing and shooting, riding on horseback with his pretty cousin, exploring the curious relics of olden times with which the mansion was stored, or delving into the rich treasures of the fine old library, afforded a variety of resources which might well satisfy ever the wearied votary of excitement. But he sought something beyond amusement. His feelings had become deeply interested in the beautiful widow, and all that yet remained of his wasted affections were offered up on the shrine of her loveliness. Years had passed since the period when he had beguiled a summer in the country by carrying on a flirtation with his cousin; during all that time he had not seen her, first from a consciousness of wrong inflicted upon her, and afterwards from perfect indifference. He listened to the tidings of her marriage with a shrug and a sneer, and thought no more of it until recent uncomfortable symptoms of old age recalled to his remembrance the image of one whom he thought so well worthy of the honor of his hand. It may be doubted whether he would have discovered so many charms in Mrs. Baynton, had he found her surrounded by the evidences of poverty, instead of the appliances of wealth; for there are a few gems so bright as not to appear more brilliant in rich setting, but certain it is that he was little prepared for such a perfect development of female loveliness as he found in his half-forgotten relative. He had gone through life, beloved, rather than loving—exciting regard, but bestowing none—gaining affection, but giving in return only a cold sentiment, which partook far more of the nature of gratified vanity than of an attachment; until now, in the autumn of his days, he was glad to grasp at even the unsubstantial shadow of love. Alas! an unusual shadow is all that such hearts can ever possess. As the magician of old were wont to raise a spectre of the rose from the warm ashes of the consumed flower, so the spell of beauty may call up the ghost of passion in the scarred bosom, but it will be at best a shadowy semblance of affection. It were easier to gather up the scattered leaves of a faded flower, and bind them again into an unopened bud, than to awaken true and everlasting tenderness in a heart whose best affections have been wasted upon every passing fancy, like incense flung upon the winds.

Our hero of a thousand loves, had a most decided liking for his cousin. He liked her appearance, for she was very beautiful—he liked her mode of life, for it was magnificent—he liked her fortune, for it was enormous—he liked her cheerfulness of temper and mental graces, for they contribute to his amusement. But all his reasons for liking her were, purely and entirely selfish. There was no devotedness of thought, no sacrifice of individual feeling in his regard.—No one loves truly without being sensible that the happiness of the beloved object is far dearer than his own; and Wilder's passion could scarcely bear such a test.

He was impressed with the idea that the pretty widow could materially increase his enjoyments and therefore he determined to offer her his hand. Yet he was not quite satisfied with Miss Baynton's conduct towards him. He could not deceive himself so far as to believe that his presence was essential to her, and in fact, he was conscious that she was independent of him. She had a certain round of duties which she performed as rigidly as if her cousin had not been with her to claim her attentions. The poor pensioners on her bounty were daily visited—her class in the Sunday school was not forgotten—she never, in a single instance, omitted her regular attendance at church; in short, Harry thought she gave far too much attention to such unworthy matters.

He began to fear she was 'falling into fanaticism,' as he styled it, and when he calculated the large sums which she annually expended on benevolent objects, he felt there was no time to be lost in checking such profusion. What! spend money on churches and charities, when it might purchase so many of the luxuries of life!—it was utterly preposterous the man of fashion could not understand it. There were a few other annoyances which he determined to be rid of, as soon as he was the husband of Cousin Kate. He did not like her associates; there were several old women with whom she was a special favorite, and they paid awful long visits—the young ladies were not much more agreeable to him, for they seemed quite indifferent to the fascinations of the semi-centennial beau. But the severest trial of his temper, was the presence of the clergyman of the parish. Mr. Lee was a small man, rather round-shouldered, and not particularly graceful. The feminine beauty of his

mouth, his brilliant smile and his fine forehead were all that redeemed his countenance from positive ugliness. He was near-sighted and wore glasses—he was bald and wore a wig—and to make matter worse, he was fifteen years younger than the elegant Mr. Wilder. Shy and reserved in general society, Mr. Lee was like an inspired being when in the pulpit. The constraint which gave a degree of awkwardness to his ordinary manner, vanished before the grace of eloquence, and the lips which uttered in faltering accents the language of worldly wisdom, seemed touched with a live coal from the altar, when they discoursed of the mysteries of christianity. All his genius, and it was great—all his learning, and it was manifold—all his imagination, and it was multifarious, were consecrated to the service of his Maker. He was no 'carpet knight,' to bandy jests with silly maidens—but a warrior of the church militant—never throwing off the panoply of his vocation, and never forgetting the meekness which is the true weapon of faith. He was the almoner of much of Mrs. Baynton's bounty. His position as pastor of the church to which she had attached herself, rendered his visits to her a matter of duty, and she had a peculiar faculty for placing the shy student at perfect ease in her presence. Wilder despised him for his religion, and disliked him on account of his influence with the widow.

Here comes that eternal parson Lee, again,' exclaimed Wilder, impatiently, as he looked from the casement one evening; 'do look, Cousin Kate, how he shambles up the avenue; upon my word it would be doing him a kindness to make him attend a few militia drills. How can you tolerate such a bear?' A slight flush mounted on her cheek as she replied—'it is not always an alabaster box that the most precious odors are enclosed in, cousin Harry; then with a smile, she added, 'would you have me eschew the society of all those who have been less highly favored by nature than the present company?'

Under bowen to the compliment as he resumed—they will spoil you, Cousin, in this dull place; you were not meant to wither in such an atmosphere of fanaticism; you must revisit the gay scenes of the city, and you will find, on your return, that this unlicked cub will be as intolerable to you as he is to me. I detest him.'

'So do I,' said Mrs. Baynton, quietly, 'but I do not know that it is more to be despised than *slang*—both are revolting to good taste.' 'A man can be fashionable without imbibing the slang term of any set, Cousin Kate,' I believe it, Harry, and a woman can also be religious without dealing in cant. Do you find Mr. Lee intrusive in his opinions?'

'Oh, by no means; he seems almost to lack the gift of speech until your presence inspires him with courage and eloquence.—You must be really careful, Madame Baynton, or you will make the poor fellow quite in love with you, and it would really be a sin to flirt with so innocent a victim.'

'Do you think so,' said Kate, while an arch smile dimpled her round cheek, 'well if Harry Wilder preaches against flirtation, either the world is reforming, or else—growing older.'

It was the afternoon of a glorious October day, the sun was verging towards the west, and the richly tinted clouds were gathering around him as if to curain his repose beneath gorgeous drapery. The foliage wore the many-colored hues of our beautiful autumn, while the soft grass was yet as bright in its emerald green, as if it had just sprung up beneath the warm gales of spring. The lofty hills were clothed in their den evergreens, while the bright river glittered in the distance like molten gold beneath the evening ray. The cousins were seated in the deep embrasure of the western window in the library, and the time, place and circumstances seemed so favorable to his purpose, that Wilder resolved, ere the sun sank beneath the horizon, Kate Baynton should be his affianced bride. With the tact in which he was so well practised, he directed the conversation, until, amid reminiscences of early days, and half-uttered expressions of purest emotion, he thought he perceived the favorable moment. Harry Wilder did not throw himself on his knees—men don't do such things in our days—but with a manly tenderness that almost surprised himself he offered her his heart and hand. There are, probably, no two women who would act alike in such circumstances. The feelings regulate the conduct so entirely at such a moment, that all rules, however rigidly enforced by careful matrons, are quite forgotten. But Wilder was scarcely prepared for such perfect self-possession as cousin Kate exhibited. It is true a deep flush mounted to her cheek and brow, as she listened to his protestations, but ere he had closed, her face was again colorless and calm. Quietly extricating her hand from his grasp, she looked full in his face, and said, 'Before I answer

you, cousin Harry, I have a long story to tell; will you listen to me now?'

'This instant; let me know my fate at once!'

Kate smiled faintly at his earnestness, as she said, 'Some twelve years ago, I was the orphan daughter of a widowed mother, with but one other relative in the world and that was my cousin Harry.'

You were then an invalid, and when change of air was recommended to you, it was sought in my mother's house where you were treated as a son and a brother. I was just seventeen, a child like, unsophisticated girl, with a heart full of warm feelings and mind totally unconscious of deception. I fancied I loved you as a brother, and had you not breathed into my ear the language of passion I should have continued to look upon you as such. You first taught me there were affections stronger than the ties of blood and from that moment my nature was changed. I thought of you by day—I dreamed of you at night—everything I did was with reference to your approbation—every word I uttered was moulded to your model of elegance. To please you became the aim of my whole life, and you knew it, for I was too guileless to conceal my sentiments from such a practised eye as yours. Do you remember our parting—my passionate grief, and your tender remonstrances? Well, that is past—You had taught me to love you, Harry, but you had taken care not to commit your honor to my keeping. You had not actually talked to me of marriage, therefore you were a man of honor; there is no penalty inflicted on him who only breaks a heart. Nay, do not interrupt me—I have not yet done. Had I been living in the gay world, I might have sought forgetfulness amid the dissipations of society but I was simple and country bred; I could not dissimulate—I lacked the worldly wisdom I have since acquired. I waited long for your return, but at length I fell into an illness, which brought me to the brink of the grave, and change of scene was deemed necessary for me. We were not rich, and, as economy forbade us to seek a costly abode we found a home in this part of the country. A pretty cottage, close to the grounds of Baynton, received us, and it was there I first became acquainted with Mary Baynton, the invalid daughter of the general. Our acquaintance quickly ripened into friendship, for Mary was, like myself, an orphan, and as her sole surviving parent was her father, she needed womanly sympathy even more than I did. Naturally of a feeble constitution, Mary was gradually sinking under the insidious attacks of consumption, and I was not slow in discovering that she looked upon death without the terrors so natural in one of her youth and beauty. My own past experience—for I had grown wise from suffering—led me to conjecture the cause.

She had bestowed her affections unworthily, and, with a romantic sensibility too often found combined with weak health, she cherished a hopeless attachment which was wasting her very life. On all other subjects there was perfect confidence between us, but on this she was silent until a few days before her death. I had attended her through her illness, and watched the struggles of her enfeebled mind, as well as the pangs of her suffering frame. But it was not until she had striven long that she could put away the thoughts of earthly love; then when life was fast ebbing in her young veins, she gave me a packet of papers. 'Read them, after my death, dear Kate,' said she, 'read them, that you may pity as well as condemn me. I have wickedly and foolishly dissolved the pearl of health in the cup of tears, but read these letters, and you will not wonder so much; then burn them, and let all trace of my folly vanish from the earth.' She died Cousin Harry—I saw the grave close over one of the loveliest and gentlest of human beings, and, when time had softened my first grief I read the papers entrusted to me.—Your changing color tells me you know whence they came. You are right—they were your letters—letters filled with protestations of tenderness, concealed under a flimsy veil of platonic friendship. It had been another of your 'pleasing flirtations'; amusing to you, no doubt, and fatal to her.

The death of my mother soon followed that of my friend, and I was left alone on earth; I had no relative on earth save he who had forgotten me. General Baynton loved me for his daughter's sake; he sought to adopt me that I might fill her place, and be the prop of his old age, but the world—the fashionable world, Harry, would not allow such an innocent connection. There were venomous hints, vague insinuations, a shrug of the shoulders when the plan was spoken, or a raising of the eye brow when we walked out together, which galled my proud spirit. To ensure me a peaceful home, the noble hearted old man at length offered me his hand. I understood and appreciated his motives; the world sneered at the adoption of a daughter, but could not blame his choice of a wife, and with the most tender filial regard for him, I became his bride. For five years I had the satisfaction of knowing

that I contributed to the happiness of one of the best of God's creatures but alas! I could only smooth his passage to the grave. 'And can you forgive my past errors, dear Kate?' asked Wilder; 'cannot the devotion of my future life make amends for the unstable fancies of my youth?'

'Cousin Harry, when I burned the letters which my unhappy friend entrusted to me I burned with them all traces of your pretended affection for me. I watched them as the flame crept over the sonnets, the notes, the withered flowers, the lock of soft dark hair, once so fondly preserved as memorials of my sunny days; and even as the fire consumed them from my sight, so did the burning shame of your treachery efface all trace of my early folly from my heart. I shall never love now as I could have done, had you never crossed my path. Reason and judgment tell me that it is wisest and best for woman to surround herself with those duties which Heaven seems to have allotted her, and I do not mean that the indurating lava which has laid waste my heart, shall close over all the fresh springing feelings that are natural to the soil. Respect for lofty excellence, esteem for noble qualities may lead me into a second marriage but not one spark of early affection lies hid beneath the ashes of my early hopes. Harry Wilder I once loved you with all the intensity of a first affection, but you may take my confession as the strongest of all proofs, that I love you no longer. There is no tenderness in my look, no faltering in my voice—no resentment in my heart. Indifference, perfect indifference is all I can now feel for the being whom my fancy once clothed with all the attributes that could adorn humanity. The only feeling of woman's weakness, which still lingers about my heart, is the pleasure I now experience in listening to your tardy avowal of love, and in rejecting your offered hand.'

Spring had scarcely unfolded her tender buds, when the mortified and vindictive suit-or received a packet from his latest 'lady-love.' It contained a large piece of bride's cake, and two cards tied with a silver ribbon. 'A HE UOUI'—
what the elegant Harry Wilder had sought in vain; and the noble qualities of heart and mind which distinguished 'that eternal parson Lee,' had made him the happy husband of Cousin Kate.

THE MATTER-OF-FACT MAN. I am what the old women call an 'Old Fish.' I do nothing under heaven without a motive—never. I attempt nothing unless I think there is a probability of my succeeding. I ask no favors when I think they are not deserved; and, finally, I don't wait upon the girls when I think my attentions would be disagreeable.

I am a matter of fact man—I am. I do everything seriously. I once offered to attend a young lady home; I did it seriously; that is, I meant to wait on her home, if she wanted me. She accepted my offer. I went home with her, and it has ever since been an enigma with me, whether she wanted me or not. I bade her good night, and she said not a word. I met her next morning and I said not a word. I met her again, and she gave me two hours talk. It struck me as curious. She feared I was offended, she said and could not for the life of her, conceive why. She begged me to explain, but would not give me a chance to do so. She said she hoped I wouldn't be offended, asked me to call, and it has ever since been a mystery to me whether she wanted me or not.

Once I saw a lady at her window. I tho't I would call. I did. I inquired for the lady, and was told she was not at home.—I expect she was; I went away thinking so. I rather think so still. I met her again—she was offended—said I had not been neighborly. She reproached me for my negligence; said she thought I had been unkind. And I've ever since wondered whether she thought so or not.

A lady once said to me that she should like to be married, if she could get a good congenial husband who would make her happy or at least try to. She was not difficult to please, she said. I said I should like to get married too, if I could find a wife that would try to make me happy. She said Unph and looked as if she meant what she said. She did. For when I asked her if she thought she could not be persuaded to marry me, she said she would rather be excused. I have often wondered why I excused her.

A good many things of this kind have happened to me, that are doubtful, wonderful mysterious. What is it then, that causes doubt and mystery to attend the ways of men? It is the want of fact. This is a matter-of-fact world and in order to act well in it, we must deal in a matter-of-fact way.

The lady who 'took the stick in her side,' has arrived at the conclusion that a stitch in the hole of her stocking would be infinitely more serviceable.

EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE

The Elder "pitches into" the church, and church members, with the fearless freedom that he does into rebellious sinners. He said—"he would not give some of them their *board* to work for him as they did for God." While the Elder says many quaint and true things,—and is, withal, quite plain-hearted

The Grand Trunk Railroad earnings are nearly double those of last year at this time. If the New Yorkers pass any toll bills, the Grand Trunk will knock over their railroad.

The pews in Rev. Henry Ward Beecher's church, Brooklyn, were sold recently for the year, realizing \$29,429, an increase of forty per cent on the receipts of the previous year. The highest premium paid was \$160, and the whole amount of premiums was \$16,710, while the assessed rents was but \$12,719.—Many families, long attending this church, are forced away by their inability to pay the present high prices for pews.

The amount of flour manufactured in Chicago in 1859 was 185,029 bbls. against 140,602 bbls. in 1858, and 96,000 in 1857.

In the United States last year there were

into a camp on runners, in which was a stove, and every thing as comfortable as new, arrived here last Friday night. He had taken up a farm on Eaton Grant, so called, a few miles north of this town, and has a house all ready to occupy. He reports

A bill has been presented before the Legislature of Texas, prohibiting all "preachers of the gospel" from teaching in any school or college.

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DEATHS.

In Poland, 7th inst. Mrs. Vilotta L. wife
of B. T. Baker, aged 26 years.

PURE WINES
for mechanical and medicinal purposes.
BRIDGTON CENTER.

led at the Brighton Reporter Office.

HAVE YOU GOT A BAD COUGH?
IF SO, you had better buy a Box of
BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES, for
they will give you instant relief. For sale at
[7] **HAYDEN'S**

sale in lots to suit purchasers, at the
 1st Mill of J. JOSEPH F. BILLINGS.
 Bridgton Center, Nov 18, 1859. 2

THOMAS'S ALMANAC for 1860, for sale
 at HAYDEN'S,

Applications received by
W. H. POWERS, Agent
Bridgton, July 15, 1869. 9m30*

RANBERRY, Portion'urel, Indian Ch
Yellow Six Week, and all kinds of G
Beans, for which cash will be paid at
HANSON'S.

